

WHOLE NUMBER 8,740.

Epworth League and was open to the

187 TILMAN STREET  
NEWPORT, R. I.

Mrs. Almira Tallman has returned to her home after a visit of a month to her sister, Mrs. Edward P. Brown, 125 St.

# THE LAST SHOT

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By FREDERICK PALMER

## CHAPTER XIX CONTINUED

Then it was that she saw him in the reality of his littleness, which she had divided; this would be conqueror. She saw him as his intimates often see the great man without his front of Jovo. Don't we know that Napoleon had moments of privacy when he winced and threatened suicide? She wondered if Lanny, too, were like that—if it were not the nature of all conquerors who could not have their way. It seemed to her that Westerling was beneath the humblest private in his army—beneath even that fellow with the liver patch on his cheek who had broken the chandelier in the sport of brutal passion. All sense of her own part was submerged in the sight of a chief of staff exhibiting no more stolidism than a petulant, spoiled schoolboy.

While his head was still bent the artillery began its crashing thunders and the sky became light with daggers. His hands stretched out toward the range, clenched and pulsing with defiance and command.

"Go in! Go in, as I told you!" he cried. "Stay in, alive or dead! Stay in! I tell you to come out! Stay! I can't do any more! You must do it now!"

"Then this may be truly the end," thought Marta, "if the assault fails."

And silently she prayed that it would fail, while the flashes lighted Westerling's set features, imploring success.

In the Browns' headquarters, as in the Grays', telegraph instruments were silent after the preparations were over. Here, also, officers walked restlessly, glancing at their watches. They, too, were glad that the mist continued. It meant no wind. When the telegraph did speak it was with another message from some aerostatic officer saying, "Still favorable," which was taken at once to Lanstron, who was with the staff chiefs around the big table. They nodded at the news and smiled to one another; and some who had been pacing sat down and others rose to begin pacing afresh.

"We could have emplaced two lines of automatics, one above the other!" exclaimed the chief of artillery.

"But that would have given too much of a climb for the infantry in going in—delayed the rush," said Lanstron.

"If they should stick—if we couldn't drive them back!" exclaimed the vice-chief of staff.

"I don't think they will!" said Lanstron.

To the others he seemed as cool as ever, even when his maimed hand was twitching in his pocket. But now, suddenly, his eyes starting as at a horror, he trembled passionately, his head dropping forward, as if he would collapse.

"Oh, the murder of it—the murder!" he breathed.

"But they brought it on! Not for them, but for ours!" said the vice-chief of staff, laying his hand on Lanstron's shoulder.

"And we sit here while they go in!" Lanstron added. "There's a kind of injustice about that which I can't get over. Not one of us here has been under fire!"

Even the minute of the attack they knew; and just before midnight they were standing at the window looking out into the night, while the vice-chief held his watch in hand. In the bush the faint sound of a dirigible's propeller high up in the heavens, muffled by the fog, was drowned by the Gray guns opening fire.

Before the mine exploded, by the light of the shell bursts breaking their vast prisms from central spheres of flame for miles, with the quick sequence of a moving-picture flicker, Fracasse's men could see one another's faces, spectral and stiff and pasty white, with teeth gleaming where jaws had dropped, some eyes half closed by the blinding flashes and some opened wide as if the lids were paralyzed. Faces and faces! A sea of faces stretching away down the slope—faces in a trance.

Up over the breastworks, over rocks and splintered timbers, Peterkin and the judge's son and their comrades clambered. When they moved they were as a myriad-legged creature, brain numbed, without any sensation except that of rapid going over a fall. Those in front could not falter, being pushed on by the pressure of those in the rear. For a few steps they were under no fire. The scream of their own shells breaking in infernal pandemonium in front seemed to be a power as irresistible as the rear of the wedge in driving them on.

Then sounds more hideous than the flight of projectiles broke about them with the abruptness of lightning held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand and suddenly released. The Browns' guns had opened fire. Explosions were even swifter in sequence than the flashes that revealed the stark faces. Dust and stones and flying fragments of flesh filled the air. Men went down in positive paralysis of faculties by the terrific crashes. Sections of the ram were blown to pieces by the burst of a shrapnel shoulder high; other sections were lifted heavenward by a shell burst in the earth.

Peterkin fell with a piece of jagged steel embedded in his brain. He had gone from the quick to the dead so swiftly that he never knew that his charm had failed. The same explosion got Fracasse, sword in hand, and another buried him where he lay. The baker's son went a little farther; the barber's son still farther. Men who

were alive hardly realized life, so mixed were life and death. Infernal imagination goes faint; the wildest analogies grow feeble and banal before such a consummation of hell.

But the tide keeps on; the torn gaps of the ram are filled by the rushing legs from the rear. Officers urge and lead. Such are the orders; such is the duty prescribed; such is human bravery even in these days when life is sweeter to more men in the joys of mind and body than ever before. Pre-



"Oh, the Murder of It—the Murder!" He Breathed.

elision, organization, solidarity in this charge such as the days of the "death-or-glory" boys never knew! Over the bodies of Peterkin and the barber's and the baker's sons, plunging through shell craters, stumbling, staggering, cut by swaths and torn by eddies of red destruction in their ranks, the tide proceeded, until its hosts were often treading on flesh than on soil. And all they knew was to keep on—keep on; bayonet in hand, till they reached the redoubt, and there they were to stay, alive or dead.

"After hell, more hell, and then still more hell!" was the way that Stransky expressed his thought when the engineers had taken the place of the 53d of the Browns in the redoubt. They put their miles and connections deep enough not to be disturbed by shell fire. After the survivors in the van of the Grays' charge, spent of breath, reached their goal and threw themselves down, the earth under them, as the mine exploded, split and heaved heavenward. But those in the rear, slapped in the face by the concussion, kept on, driven by the pressure of the mass at their backs, and, in turn, plunged forward on their stomachs in the seams and furrows of the mine's havoc. The mass thickened as the flood of bodies and legs banked up, in keeping with Westerling's plan to have "enough to hold."

Now the automatics and the rifles from the redoubt to which the Browns had fallen back opened fire. So close together were these bullet-machines that the orbit of each one's swing made a spray of only a few yards' breadth over the redoubt, where the Browns' gun-fire had not for a moment ceased its persistent shelling, with increasingly large and solid targets of flesh for their practice. The thing for these targets to do, they knew, was to trench and begin to return the infantry and automatics' fire. Desperately, with the last effort of courage, they rose in the attempt—rose into playing hose streams of bullets whose close hiss was a steady undertone between shell bursts. In the garish, jumping light brave officers impulsively stood up to hear their commands in their work, and dropped with half-uttered urgings, threats, and oaths on their lips.

The bullets from the automatics missing one mark were certain to find another, perhaps four or five in a row, such was their velocity and power of penetration. Where shells made gaps and tore holes in the human mass, the automatics cut with the regularity of the driven teeth of a comb. The men who escaped all the forms of slaughter and staggered on to the ruins of the redoubt, pressed their weight on top of those in the craters or huddled behind the pyramids of debris, and even made breastworks from the bodies of the dead. The more that banked up, the more fruitless the efforts of the officers to restore order in the frantic medley of shell screams and explosions at a time when a minute seemed an age.

Meanwhile, between them—this banked-up force at the charge's end—and the Brown redoubt with its automatics, the Gray gunners were making a zone of shell bursts in order to give the soldiers time to make their hold of the ground they had gained secure. Through this zone Stransky and his men were to lead the Browns in a counter-attack.

At the very height of the Gray charge, when all the reserves were in, dark objects fell out of the heavens, and where they dropped earth and

flesh were mingled in the muck. Like some giant reptile with its vertebrae breaking, gouged and torn and pinioned, the charge stopped, in writhing, throbbing confusion. Those on the outer circle of explosions were thrown against their fellows, who, surged back in another direction from an explosion in the opposite quarter. From the rear the pressure weakened; the human hammer was no longer driving the ram. Blinded by the lightnings and dust, dizzy from concussions and noise, too blank of mind to be sane or insane, the stoms of the bulk of the charge in natural instinct turned from their goal and toward the place whence they had come, with death from all sides still buffeting them. Staggeringly, at first, they went for want of initiative in their paralysis; then rapidly, as the law of self-preservation asserted itself in wild impulse.

As sheep driven over a precipice they had advanced; as men they fled. There was no longer any command, no longer any cohesion, except of legs struggling in and out over the uneven footing of dead and wounded, while they felt another pressure, that of the mass of the Browns in pursuit. Of all those of Fracasse's company whom we know, only the judge's son and Jacob Pilzer were alive. Stained with blood and dust, his teeth showing in a grimace of mocking hate of all humankind, Pilzer's savagery ran free of the restraint of discipline and civilized convention. Striking right and left, he forced his way out of the region of shell fire and still kept on. Clutching his rifle, he struck down one officer who tried to detain him; but another officer, quicker than he, put a revolver bullet through his head.

Westerling, who had buried his face in his hands in Marta's presence at the thought of failure, must keep the pose of his position before the staff. With chin drawn in and shoulders squared in a sort of petrified military habit, he received the feverish news that grew worse with each brief bulletin. He, the chief of staff; he, Hedworth Westerling, the superman, must be a rock in the flood of alarm. When he heard that his human ram was in recoil he declared that the repulse had been exaggerated—repulse always were. With word that a heavy counter-attack was turning the retreat into an ungovernable rout, he broke into a storm. He was not beaten; he could not be beaten.

"Let our guns cut a few swaths in the mob!" he cried. "That will stop them from running and bring them back to a sense of duty to their country."

The irritating litter of the bell in the closet off the library only increased his defiance of facts beyond control. He went to the long distance with a reply to the premier's inquiry ready to his lips.

"We got into the enemy's works but had to fall back temporarily," he said.

"Temporarily! What do you mean?" demanded the premier.

"I mean that we have only begun to attack!" declared Westerling. He liked that sentence. It sounded like the shillbole of a great leader in a crisis. "I shall assault again to-morrow night."

"Then your losses were not heavy?"

"No, not relatively. To-morrow night we press home the advantage we gained to-night."

"But you have been so confident each time. You still think that—"

"That I mean to win! There is no stopping half-way."

"Well, I'll still try to hold the situation here," replied the premier. "But keep me informed."

Drugged by his desperate stubbornness, Westerling was believing in his star again when he returned to the library. All the greater his success for fears won against skepticism and fear! He summoned his chiefs of divisions, who came with the news that the Browns had taken the very redoubt from which the head of the Gray charge had started; but there they had stopped.

"Of course! Of course they stopped!" exclaimed Westerling. "They are not mad. A few are not going to throw themselves against superior numbers—our superior numbers beaten by our own plan! Lanstron is not a fool. You'll find the Browns back in their old position, working like beavers to make new defenses in the morning. Meanwhile, we'll get that mob of ours into shape and find out what made them lose their nerve. To-morrow night we shall have as many more behind them. We are going to attack again!"

The staff exchanged glances of amazement, and Turcas, his dry voice crackling like parchments, exclaimed: "Attack again? At the same point?"

"Yes—the one place to attack!" said Westerling. "The rest of our line has abundant reserves; a needless number for anything but the offensive. We'll leave enough to hold and draw off the rest to Engadir at once."

"But their dirigibles! A surprising number of them are over our lines," Bellini, the chief of intelligence, had the temerity to say.

"You will send our planes and dirigibles to bring down theirs!" Westerling commanded.

"I have—every last one; but they outnumber us!" persisted Bellini. "Even in retreat they can see. The air has cleared so that considerable bodies of troops in motion will be readily discernible from high altitudes. The reason for our failure last night was that they knew our plan of attack."

"They know! They knew, after all our precautions! There is still a leak! You—"

Westerling raised his clenched hand threateningly at the chief of intelligence, his cheeks purple with rage, his eyes bloodshot. But Bellini, with his boyish, small face and round head set close to his shoulders, remained undisturbedly exact.

"Yes, there is a leak, and from the staff," he answered. "Until I have found it this army ought to suspend any aggressive—"

"I was not asking advice!" interrupted Westerling.

"But, I repeat, the leak is not necessary to disclose this new movement that you plan. Their air craft will disclose it," Bellini concluded. He had done his duty and had nothing more to say.

"Dirigibles do not win battles!" Westerling announced. "They are won by getting infantry in possession of positions and holding them. No matter if we don't surprise the enemy."



"A Whole Brigade Mine! Live!"

Haven't the Browns held their line with inferior numbers? If they have, we can hold the rest of ours. That gives us overwhelming forces at Engadir."

"You take all responsibility?" asked Turcas.

"I do!" said Westerling firmly. "And we will waste no more time. The premier supports me. I have decided. We will set the troops in motion."

With fierce energy he set to work detaching units of artillery and infantry from every part of the line and starting them toward Engadir.

"This means an improvised organization; it breaks up the machine," said the tactical expert to Turcas when they were alone.

"Yes," replied Turcas. "He wanted no advice from us when he was taking counsel of desperation. If he succeeds, success will retrieve all the rest of his errors. We may have a stroke of luck in our favor."

In the headquarters of the Browns, junior officers and clerks reported the words of each bulletin with the relief of men who breathed freely again. The chiefs of divisions who were with Lanstron alternately sat down and paced the floor, their restlessness now that of a happiness too deeply thrilling to be expressed by hilarity. Each fresh detail only confirmed the completeness of the repulse as that memorable night in the affairs of the two nations slowly wore on. Shortly before three, when the firing had died after the Brown pursuit had stopped, a wireless from a dirigible flying over the frontier came, telling of bodies of Gray troops and guns on the march. Soon planes and other dirigibles flying over other positions were sending in word of the same tenor. The chiefs drew around the table and looked into one another's eyes in the significance of a common thought.

"It cannot be a retreat!" said the vice-chief.

"Hardly. That is inconceivable of Westerling at this time," Lanstron replied. "The bull charges when wounded. It is clear that he means to make another attack. These troops on the march across country are isolated from any immediate service."

It was Lanstron's way to be suggestive; to let ideas develop in council and orders follow as out of council.

"The chance!" exclaimed some one.

"The chance!" others said in the same breath. "The God-given chance for a quick blow! The chance! We attack! We attack!"

It was the most natural conception to a military tactician, though any man who made it his own might have built a reputation on it if he knew how to get the ear of the press. Their faces were close to Lanstron as they leaned toward him eagerly. He seemed not to see them but to be looking at Partow's chair. In imagination Partow was there in life—Partow with the domed forehead, the pendulous cheeks, the shrewd, kindly eyes. A daring risk, this! What would Partow say? Lanstron always asked himself this in a crisis: What would Partow say?

"Well, my boy, why are you hesitating?" Partow demanded. "I don't know that I'd have taken my long holiday and left you in charge if I'd thought you'd be losing your nerve as you are this minute. Wasn't it part of my plan—my dream—that plan I gave you to read in the vaults, to strike it a chance, this very chance, were to come? Hurry up! Seconds count!"

"Yes, a chance to end the killing for good and all!" said Lanstron, coming abruptly out of his silence. "We'll take it and strike hard!"

The staff bent over the map, Lanstron's finger flying from point to point, while ready expert answers to his questions were at his elbow and

the wires sang out directions that made a drenched and shivering soldiery, who had been yielding and holding and never advancing, grow warm with the thought of springing from the mire of trenches to charge the enemy. And one, Gustave Feller, in command of a brigade of field-guns—the noble guns that could go forward rumbling to the horses' trot—saw his dearly beloved batteries swing into a road in the moonlight.

"La, la, la! The worm will turn!" he chuckled. "It's a merry, gambling old world and I'm right fond of it—so full of the unexpected for the Grays! That lead horse is a little lame, but he'll last the night through. Lots of lame things will! Who knows? Maybe we'll be cleaning the mud off our boots on the white posts of the frontier to-morrow! A whole brigade mine! I live! You old brick, Lanny! This time we are going to spank the enemy on the part of his anatomy where spanks are conventionally given. La, la la!"

(To Be Continued.)

## GREATEST IN HISTORY

WONDERFUL YIELD OF WHEAT  
FIELDS OF UNITED STATES.

Never Has Any Nation Grown Such a Crop As That Which Is Now Being Garnered—Food to Feed Half the World.

The mind of man cannot conceive absolute silence, remarks the Philadelphia North American. Yet in this very state—the absolute silence of growth—does nature clothe field, vale and forest, providing for all living creatures the wherewithal to sustain life.

The stillness of death attends the bursting of the acorn, whose strength, silently developed, shall form the shelter of the home or the invaluable spoke of the wheels of trade or the ribs of the stout young ship. No sprouting seed, no opening bud, ever has breathed a sound.

Far from human habitations, where neither foot nor spire points skyward, in the dead calm of a windless noon, the keenest ear buried in God's green carpet of grass can catch no sound of movement. The brook sings and, the sea mutters or shouts; the wind makes known its presence in a thousand tones; and even the gentlest fall of rain proclaims its blessings, but growth—the ever now manifestation of creation—has yet to be heard.

For months this silence pregnant with power and plenty has broadened over countless fields in this good land of ours. On more than 500,000 acres of plowed and harrowed soil the wheat silently has risen from grain to gold. And now, in the glow of summer's smile, goes out an army of men, horses and machines larger than any that ever marched to fight for gain or glory, to gather from these fields the food that shall help feed half the world until, in the mysterious cycle of seasons, comes again the time for this life-laden silence!

Out where the gun but yesterday lighted a sweep of plains coursed by herds of buffalo and roving bands of American Indians the vanguard of this mighty force is at work. The call of Kansas and Oklahoma has echoed through the states, and regiment after regiment of men hungry for work has answered.

Often before has this same call been sounded, but never as this year. For never in the history of men and fields has the silence borne fruit of such bounty.

Through Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania it shall spread and then on to Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and Washington. These are the high 12 among the wheat states.

And when these and the others in which the rest of our wheat is grown have swung the last bundle into the stock young Uncle Sam may stand on his highest hill and, forming a trumpet of his calloused, sunburnt hands, shout to a world that must eat three times a day, "Nine hundred million bushels, and all is well!"

Never before in the history of the world has any nation grown such a crop of wheat. Five years ago Russia, with an acreage one-third larger, came within 117,000,000 bushels of this prodigious total. Our own next largest crop was 137,000,000 bushels short of the present food of gold.

For a moment, at least, we may turn from the perplexities of psychological business depression, graft-grown national backslows and horrors of war to sweep with wonder-propped eyes this stretch of wealth which pales to sickly hues the bravest dreams of the brave admiral who dared uncharted seas to find another sort of gold.

Confirms Biblical Account. The missing half of a tablet of Nippur describing the fall of man and the flood has been discovered in the university museum of the University of Pennsylvania. Some weeks ago the translation of the first half of the tablet by Doctor Langdon, the reader in Assyriology at Oxford, was announced. It confirmed in surprising detail the biblical account of the fall and the flood, but was incomplete. A search was at once made and a copy of the inscription on the second half has been sent to Doctor Langdon for translation. The tablet is a pre-Semitic account of these occurrences, and comes from the early library of Nippur, which was destroyed during the invasion of Babylon by the Elamites, in the time of Abraham. Adam's eating of the fruit is described by Doctor Langdon. It is hoped that Eve's part in the fall will be told in the newly discovered fragment.

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## FEAR.

## HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Year is not always a fact of courage. One may be absolutely fearless, but about finding matters. They may fear to be in a crowded place, and frequently, and unconsciously, leave some enjoyable affair, and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent, that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is ascertained by depositing a small quantity of urine in a glass tumbler and after standing twenty-four hours you find itropy or milky in appearance; if it has a sediment, if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pains; if the strong, out kind of evidence, that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine, for diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and constipation.

We are so absolutely certain of the curative power of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, that we will send you a trial bottle, absolutely free, by mail, if you will write to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Druggists sell it in Now 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

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NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & Hartford Railroad.

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Time Table in Effect Sept. 27, 1914.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.05, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.15, 5.05, 7.10, 9.15 p. m. Sundays, 6.05, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.15, 5.05, 7.10, 9.15 p. m.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.05, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.15, 5.05, 7.10, 9.15 p. m. Sundays, 6.05, 8.15, 9.10, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.15, 5.05, 7.10, 9.15 p. m.

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## SYMPATHY NOT CALLED FOR

Kind-Hearted Man Learned Something as to Predilections of the "Average Kid."

City Hall park was abuzzing, remarks the New York Evening Post. Suddenly a shrill, clamor rose above the low-keyed song of traffic, and, like a flock of blackbirds, a dozen children in all stages of undress and dirtiness ran toward the southwest corner of the park. A tall, good-natured man leaped against the iron fence and held up a handful of yellow slips of paper. They pleaded for them, fought for them; and when the last had been grabbed, they disappeared as quickly as they had come.

"Would you mind telling me," asked an interested spectator, "what it is you are giving away?"

"Why," said the man, "they are milk tickets."

"Free?"

"Oh, no. You buy them over there at the milk station—cent apiece."

The practical good sense of the charity struck the spectator forcibly, and it was not many minutes before another crowd was struggling and clamoring for the coveted bits of paper. He favored the smallest, dirtiest, and thinnest children. One little mite, with big, watery brown eyes particularly touched his heart, and he pressed a nickel into her hand. A moment later, shyly nudging one of the other forlorns and displaying her pudgy little palm full of the yellow slips.

"Want to know what they do with them tickets?" said the first man.

"Well, they sell 'em." He pointed across the way to where a group of tattered babies surrounded a vendor of cheap sweets.

"Poor little things!" sighed the spectator, "they do not even know what is good for them."

"Maybe they don't," said the man, "but they have a mighty good time doing the things that ain't, and with no one taggin' after 'em to keep 'em straight. There's nothin' a kid likes better than to go unwatched and unwashed." A wistful, reminiscent look crept into his eyes. "Gee!" he breathed, "I'd like to be one of 'em again!"

Then he eyed the spectator sharply. "You look," said he, "as if you were ready to shed tears over 'em; but let me tell you something; if you have never been one of 'em, you don't know what fun is. Now I don't mean to offend, but I wouldn't be surprised if you was brought up in a nursery," he spoke the words with a deep frown of contempt; "and do you think that one of them," pointing to a knot of squabbling youngsters, "would change places with a nursery kid? It gets me," he continued with a shrug, "what kinds of people turns sorry for each other."

Important Judicial Decision.

A unique case involving the workmen's compensation act of England was decided by the House of Lords in Kelly vs. Board of Management of the Trim Joint District School, which was twice argued before their lordships and occupied two days at each hearing. It appears that John Kelly was a schoolmaster employed by the defendants, and while discharging his duties was assaulted by the pupils in a concerted attack and suffered injuries from which he died the same day. His mother, as a dependent, sued for damages on the ground that his death occurred as the result of injuries arising out of his employment. The county court judge and the court of appeals upheld the contention, and the lords of appeal affirmed the judgment four to three. It is now authoritatively decided that an accident is not the less an accident by reason of its being brought about by deliberate violence. There was not so much difficulty upon the question as to whether it arose out of and in the course of the employment of deceased as a schoolmaster, though the point was also strenuously put forward and argued.

Alarming Increase in Lunacy.

A mad world will perhaps be the final outcome if the recent statistics on lunacy in England continue at the present rate of increase. One person in every 356 in England and Wales is officially declared to be insane by the report of the commissioners in lunacy issued recently. These figures show that the total number of insane people has increased by 1,860 as compared with that of the previous year. The figures show the interesting facts that both the well to do and the criminal classes are becoming sicker. There are 18 fewer criminal lunatics, while pauper lunatics have increased by 1,859. This would show that 112 fewer persons of the better-off classes have been certified as mentally deficient. In 63 years, viz., from 1859 to 1914, the number of persons known to be under care has increased from 36,762 to 140,237, or a growth of 281.5 per cent.

Fish and Fungus.

Every one knows that fishes of almost every sort are, when fresh caught, slippery and hard to hold. This slipperiness is due to a sort of mucus exuded through the scales and is of the greatest importance to all fishy creatures. One of the important functions of the fish's slimy coating is to protect it from the attacks of fungus, a form of plant life found in all waters. If the fish is so injured that some spot becomes uncovered by the slime, a barely visible fungus will be likely to lodge there, and when it is once lodged the process of reproduction is very rapid. It soon extends over the gills and kills the fish. The primary cause of the slime of the fish is to reduce its friction when in motion through the water and thereby increase its rate of speed. It also serves as a cushion to the scales, which it protects from injury.

Children Ory for Fletcher's CASTORIA

## MAKING SOLDIERS OF INDIANS.

Oregon Statesman Believes Aborigines Should Have Been Developed as Cavalrymen.

Senator Lane of Oregon suggests that this country should have made cavalrymen of the Indians, instead of trying to make a race of farmers out of them. The infusion of white blood among the better Indians is credited with whatever farming success they have had. Our mistake, the senator says, was trying to steer the Indian's energy into a new channel instead of applying his natural inclination to a useful purpose. If we had given him a horse, he adds, and allowed him to live as the Arabs live, in his tent out of doors, carrying his family with him, we should have the finest cavalry in the world, a body loyal to the country and particularly adapted to its work and contented as a man always is when engaged in something to his liking.

The picture suggests too much the guerrilla idea to win entire approval, but is worth thinking about. A body of Indian cavalry under the restrictions of army regulations and a part of the army organization would be a promising experiment. It suggests the way in which the Russians have utilized the Cossacks; and the latter are hardly a finer and more effective body than an Indian cavalry would doubtless become. What has been done in the way of farming settlement among the Indian tribes cannot be undone. But the time is not past when the idea of an Indian cavalry, organized and governed under army administration, would be worth trying.

Our American thoughts don't turn to war. But we mean to have the nucleus of an army second to none in the art of science of war. We have the finest military school at West Point, where we turn out a supply of officers, educated in their calling, and a general organization to build a larger force on it. And we are seeing just now in Europe the vital need of preparedness of the means to be prepared against the possibility. In any event, the effort to see if we should not utilize the raw material that we have, for the cavalry arm is worth the consideration of the authorities.—Indianapolis News.

Movies Demoralize South Sea Nations.

Moving picture shows are demoralizing the South Sea natives, breaking up their old peaceful customs and inciting them to crime, says a returned English traveler from that part of the world.

Although the average islander is lazy, good-natured and peace-loving, he is not far removed from the days of savagery. Of an excitable and emotional nature, he is carried away by the dramatic films exhibited by promoters. An islander will pawn his last possession, says the traveler, to see a picture show.

A recent case occurred in the Samoan Islands, where three natives, one a former policeman, stole revolvers and started out to imitate a hold-up scene. They set upon a European plantation manager, and shot both dead for resisting. The murders were followed by battles with the natives, with the result that two of the band were killed in action and the third was captured and later hanged.

In Its Nature.

"This picture of a hanging is a gruesome thing, but the artist certainly has done it splendidly, has he not?"

"Yes, but then a hanging matter ought to be the subject of capital execution."

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## The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, December 19, 1914.

Snow in northern New York is said to be from two to five feet deep.

Ex-Ambassador Herrick says that his diplomatic experience in France cost him \$400,000. Rather expensive honor. Still it leads to the Presidential chair it may be worth it.

It is claimed that the Argentine Republic offers a present market for at least \$100,000,000 worth of American goods. This is the claim of the Argentine ambassador to the United States.

The government's estimate of the value of the crops this year is \$4,915,552,000. This is larger than last year for everything except cotton. The crop of cotton is large but the price is low owing to the European war.

It is reported that the Interstate commission will decide against permitting the New Haven Company to retain its Sound steamship lines. If the commission does so decide it will be in opposition to the request of nearly all the people in New England who have anything to do with the steamboat lines.

Wilson's pet bandit, Villa, is said to be executing prominent citizens in Mexico City at the rate of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty a day. Wilson would not recognize Huerta's power because he claimed that, indirectly at least, he had been concerned in the murder of Madero. Consistency is not one of the jewels in Wilson's diadem.

The trolley car service is as bad in Providence as it is in Newport; if not a little worse. You can stand on a street corner and see a half filled car whiz by if it has the sign "car following" on front, and when the "car following" finally arrives perhaps five minutes later have the pleasure of finding that packed to the doors, with "standing room only," and very little of that. It is a little strange that street cars cannot be run on common sense principles.

The latest book, entitled "British as Germany's Vassal," by von Bernhardt, author of "Germany and the Next War," insists that "decadent England" must give up her naval supremacy, quit Triple Entente, abandon her allies and disarm by distributing her fleet over the world, meanwhile leaving Germany alone in crushing France and acquiring domination of Europe, North Africa and Asia Minor. As a romanticist Bernhardt will surpass A. Conan Doyle and any other great novelist of the age.

When the European war began Germany had a fleet of 2000 merchant steamships on the seas, with a tonnage of 5,134,720 tons. Of these 30 steamers have been captured by the allies, 166 are detained in British or allied ports, 646 are refugees in neutral ports, and 329 are locked up in the ports of Germany. These unavailable and idle steamships represent 89 per cent. of the gross tonnage of the German Empire.

So completely does the British navy hold command of the seas that though several scores British merchant steamers have been captured by the enemy, no fewer than 9923 British ships, or 98 per cent. of the total number, with a gross tonnage of 20,122,173, or 97 per cent. of the total tonnage of the British Empire, are plying their accustomed routes or are free and available for regular service. While the earnings of German merchant shipping are entirely cut off, the earnings of British merchant ships continue and, indeed, in gross amount are unquestionably higher than they ever were. Ocean freight rates have reached an abnormal figure. This disaster to German shipping ought to ensure to the benefit of United States ships, and once more the stars and stripes ought to be seen in all civilized ports.

It is all right to give liberally for the starving thousands in Belgium. But do not let this giving for those in foreign lands lead you to neglect the poor and the sufferers right at our own doors. There are several millions of wage earners in this country out of work. Every man out of employment means an average of at least five people whose source of supply has been cut off. That there will be great suffering from want in all our cities this winter goes without saying. There never was a time in the history of this nation when there were so many people idle—not because they want to be—but because their employers have nothing for them to do. The Wilson administration is constantly telling of the good times the Democratic managers are going to give us. They have been at the helm of government for two years. They have had everything absolutely their own way, with a great European war to help them cover up many of their mistakes. The newspapers of the land are trying to boom things by heralding broadcast every little war contract that may be made and every small factory that has had the courage to open its gates after being closed for a long time. Yet the fact remains that people cannot get work, and that the idle army is increasing rather than diminishing. The great mercantile houses of the country are withdrawing their men from the road, showing that the small dealer has no market for their goods, and a thousand other indications make the dullness so plain that he who uns may read.

It may be that Col. Bryan wants to get out of the cabinet in order to be in a better position to work up a stampede in 1916.

A Bryan stampede at this late day would be about as dangerous as the braying of an army mule.

This bombardment of defenseless towns is not civilized warfare. It is simply barbarian tactics. Nothing is accomplished beyond the slaughter of a few hundred defenseless people. The Germans gain no credit from such attacks.

## Railroads Should Be Paid.

Ex-President Taft writes to a friend: I regard the Parcel Post as one of the things which was initiated in my administration, and which I am sure will be regarded as a great step forward in methods of cheap transportation for the people. The same is true of postal Savings Banks. The machinery for the post office has been demonstrated of its peculiar facilities for the conveyance of parcels. This was shown in Europe before we adopted the system and has been shown by its practice here since its adoption. There is one thing connected with the Parcel Post that ought not to meet the approval of anybody, and that is that we have not given to the railroads appropriate compensation for the additional burden that they have to carry by reason of the Parcel Post, but after a time Congress will see its duty and make reparation in this regard I hope. The Postal Savings Banks and the Parcel Post have been long coming because of the opposition of both interested and disinterested persons, but they are here now and it will be most interesting to watch their usefulness grow.

## Latin American Trade.

That New England manufacturers and its business interests are keenly alive to the remarkable opportunities presented for expanding New England's trade with Latin America as a consequence of the war was demonstrated unmistakably on Tuesday at the big export meeting held in Boston under the auspices of the New Haven road.

Important results are expected to flow from this meeting, arranged by the railroad with the idea of showing New England business men how trade with these countries might be developed. Nearly 700 business men representing all kinds of industries, Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade were present. About 125 cities and towns in the New Haven's territory were represented.

Prior to the conference a luncheon at the New American House was tendered those present by the railroad. Chairman Howard Elliott of the New Haven presided.

The stories of suffering in New York are some of them heartrending. Many thousands of persons are being fed daily by the Charity organizations, and it is said that there are more homeless people in that city than ever before. The N. Y. Times says: "The number of abjectly poor revealed by the sudden cold surprised those who have dealt with public and private relief in winter for ten years. An unusual number of applications for relief were made by family groups, and a very large number of the applicants were new and had not been put on the records at the relief stations in other years." Yet President Wilson tells us that hard times are purely psychological. It is pretty evident that a person can starve to death just as well on psychological times as any other.

The cost of the war to France for first six months in 1915 is officially figured at \$1,185,888,000 or about \$200,000,000 monthly. This total is the addition to the usual expenditures of the army but it includes \$101,400,000 allowed to families of soldiers, \$4,000,000 to persons out of employment, and \$10,200,000 for maintenance of persons driven from their homes by the German invasion.

An Iowa newspaper says: The Tariff Protection to American industries vs. Free Trade—is the paramount issue in this country and will be as long as there is a Free Trade or "Tariff for revenue" party. Therefore it is the duty of every Republican newspaper to keep the facts before the people all the time whether there is a campaign on or not.

Admiral Fisk's testimony in Washington thoroughly proves Congressman Gardner's claim that we are utterly unprepared for war. The Admiral says the navy is inefficient and that it will take five years to put it on a fighting basis where it could hope to cope "with one of the nations of Europe."

The river and harbor bill as prepared to pass at this session of Congress appropriates \$34,183,530. Of this sum Rhode Island is to get \$75,000 for Point Judith harbor of refuge. Four-fifths of the appropriations are for southern harbors and waters.

A log raft containing one million feet of cedar, said to be the largest floated on the Pacific, recently made the trip from British Columbia to Puget Sound. It was 100 feet long and 70 feet wide; it stood 15 feet out of the water and 20 feet under.

Gen. Goethals has barred liquor from the canal zone and students of geography will hereafter be confused as to the meaning of the temperate zones.

The General is making the canal zone somewhat torrid for the thirsty imbibers as well as for law breakers in general.

It may be that Col. Bryan wants to get out of the cabinet in order to be in a better position to work up a stampede in 1916.

A Bryan stampede at this late day would be about as dangerous as the braying of an army mule.

This bombardment of defenseless towns is not civilized warfare. It is simply barbarian tactics. Nothing is accomplished beyond the slaughter of a few hundred defenseless people. The Germans gain no credit from such attacks.

## Don't Kill Prosperity.

The following good advice to the raw material man is from a former member of the General Assembly Mr. Fred E. Newell of Central Falls and is found in a late issue of the American Metal Worker.

Sir:—I have noticed that whenever there has been a long dull spell in business, and the foundry people are doing practically nothing, more especially the brass foundries, that if they start out to make business, and put the prices way down so as to look very tempting, so much so that they succeed in securing a big order, that will start up the foundries and set the idle men to work, immediately the price of raw materials goes up and continues to advance, until there is very little profit in the job, and the next order does not come. And your paper immediately cries great prosperity, prices in raw materials have risen. Hurrah Boys. Well fix those fellows that started this boom and they do, as our customers will not pay any more but will try and find substitutes instead. The poor foundries are subject to all kinds of competition, but with the raw materials such as copper, tin, lead, spelter, antimony, coal, etc., the prices are put the same all over the country.

I don't consider it a mark of prosperity to read in your paper every morning up an eighth, next day a quarter, then a half, then a cent. But would rather hear that the foundries are working on full time with their help all employed. No, Mr. "Raw Material Feller," you just keep those old prices the same a little longer and we may be able to send you in some big orders that will reduce that surplus stock and put it into money. For Heaven's sake don't kill the prosperity child just as quick as it is born.

## Needed at Point Judith.

From the Marine Journal.

During the severe northeast storm that swept the North Atlantic coast last week, it was again demonstrated that power lifeboats are urgently needed at the Point Judith life-saving station. In trying to make the harbor of refuge there on Monday in a 72-mile gale, the oyster sloop Lucella Nickerson was wrecked on the end of the breakwater. Her skipper, Capt. F. W. Fisher, of Barnstable, and a seaman were in imminent danger of losing their lives, when after a severe struggle, due to their long row around the Point, the life-savers were able to reach them in their surf boat, but were so exhausted that they, in turn, were obliged to appeal for help, and all were finally rescued by the torpedo boat destroyer Morris, Lieut. Commander Eberle, which was obliged to take refuge within the harbor.

In order to install proper equipment or able power lifeboats, however, at this, one of the most dangerous points on the coast and one of the most frequented, it is first absolutely necessary for the Government to construct the landing place in the lee of the easterly shore arm breakwater that was recommended in House document 911 of the first session of the sixtieth Congress. To raise the easterly shore arm, as also recommended in that document, is another necessity to furnish the requisite shelter for that landing place. All this waits the action of the River and Harbor Committee. In the meantime, hundreds of lives are annually placed in jeopardy because of its inaction. It is the wholesale slaughtering of such items as this in the last river and harbor bill that the Marine Journal has entered its strong protest against in recent issues.

Governor-elect R. Livingston Beekman and Sheriff Andrew J. Wilcox on Thursday perfected the plans for the State inauguration on January 5. The programme will be about as in former years.

The Wilson-Underwood free trade tariff bill has not troubled the trusts much. As far as heard from none of them have reduced the cost of living one iota.

## SENSATIONAL NAVAL FEAT

Submarine Dives Under Mines and Torpedoes Turkish Warship

A communication issued by the British official bureau announced that the Turkish battleship Messudieh had been torpedoed by a British submarine. The official bureau's statement is as follows:

"Submarine B 11, in charge of Lieutenant Commander Holbrook of the royal navy, entered the Dardanelles and in spite of the difficult current dived under five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish battleship Messudieh, which was guarding the mine fields.

"Although pursued by gunfire and torpedo boats the B 11 returned safely after being submerged, on one occasion, for nine hours.

"When last seen the Messudieh was sinking by the stern."

## UNDER A PROTECTORATE

Termination of Turkish Suzerainty Over Egyptian Territory

The British official press bureau issued a statement concerning the making of Egypt a British protectorate. It says:

In view of a state of war arising out of the action of Turkey, Egypt is placed under the protection of his majesty, and will henceforth constitute a British protectorate.

The suzerainty of Turkey over Egypt is thus terminated, and his majesty's government will adopt all measures necessary for the defense of Egypt and the protection of its inhabitants and interests.

The king has approved the appointment of Lieutenant Colonel MacMahon to be high commissioner for Egypt.

## NO AUSTRIANS IN SERBIA

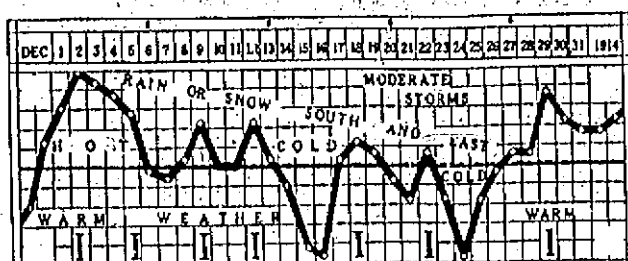
King Peter Re-enters Belgrade at the Head of His Army

King Peter and Crown Prince Alexander and Prince George have entered Belgrade at the head of the victorious Serbian army, according to advices from Nish.

Not a single Austrian, a statement by the Serbian general staff says, now remains on Serbian soil.

Eight Hundred Miners Entombed  
An explosion occurred in a coal mine at Kukuoka, Japan, as a result of which 800 laborers are imprisoned in the workings of the mine.

## WEATHER BULLETIN.



Temperature of December will average much warmer than usual, remarkably warm first few days of the month and cold during the week centering on 15 and 24. Also quite warm 23 to Jan. 2. Cold waves near 15 and 24. Moderate storms 19 to 24. Most rain or snow in southern and eastern sections. Not much precipitation on Pacific coast, or in northwest sections east of Rockies. Very few severe storms and very little snow except in northeastern sections. General deficiency in precipitation.

Heavy rains in South America, floods in China, severe winter storms and heavy snow in European Russia. Much better weather than usual in Germany and France, stormy in Great Britain and more than usual rain. Stormy and heavy rains in Australia.

Troble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. Dec. 17, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Dec. 21, to 25, warm wave 26 to 24, cool wave 23 to 27. This 6-day storm period will average colder than any other of the month, the cool wave will be a cold wave of about the general average of cold waves, rains in southern and snows in northern sections will be greatest of the month and a sudden and great rise in temperatures will come as the next disturbance approaches.

The storm waves, or disturbances, cover a 6-day period on an average but they often overlap each other and a careless reader will sometimes get tangled in trying to follow the forecasts. Usually one disturbance enters the western part of the continent while another is passing onto the Atlantic. Eastern sections should expect rough and disagreeable weather from the above described 6-day storm period.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about December 26, cross Pacific slope by close of 27, great central valleys 28 to 30, eastern sections 31. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 26, great central valleys 28, eastern sections 30. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 29, great central valleys 31, eastern sections 31.

This will bring a great warm wave and a moderate cold wave will close out the disturbance. Not much rain or snow. This disturbance will inaugurate the relocation of the precipitation for the next precipitation month, which will cover Dec. 23 to Jan. 22. At the beginning of these changes the precipitation is usually moderate and heaviest near its close, unless great

## PORTSMOUTH.

[From our regular Correspondent]

The Town Council and Court of Probate met at the Town Hall Monday afternoon, with all the members present. The following licenses were granted: David B. Anthony, pool-table; Pling Pokrass, junk; William Southworth, victualling house.

William and Jane Shaw presented a petition for a tavern license, to sell liquor; rejected.

The application for a liquor license by Adam Krieger, referred to this time, was laid on the table.

The application of William H. Canning for a transfer of his liquor license was granted.

The town clerk was authorized to draw an order on the town treasurer for \$100, the town's appropriation for the Public Library, payable to George R. Hicks, treasurer of the Library Association.

The Town Sergeant was authorized to have a telephone installed in the town jail, in accordance with a proposition allowing a discount, received from the telephone company.

The commissioner of the town farm was authorized to replace the road sign directing the way to the farm.

Councilman Frank C. Gory was directed to consult with Attorney Clark Burdick as to the disposition of the water in front of Joe Bent Souza's place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harrison R. Morris of Philadelphia. Mrs. Elliott is one of the speakers before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia.

Melville Post-Office has been supplied with new carrier's tables to be used in sorting the mail.

Miss Dorothy Sherman has arrived home from her school, Glen Eden to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lincoln Sherman.

There was a good attendance at the sale held by the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in the vestry of the church.

The Christmas sale held by the Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R. was well attended. The sale was in the chapter-house.

Miss Mary Wilbur has gone to New York to attend the horse-show. She is the guest of Miss Dorothy Bateman.

Mr. Norman Tallman, of Readville, Mass., has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman.

Mrs. Mary Grafton of Lawrence, Mass., has been visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. John Wadsworth.

Mr. Walter Gray, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray, met with a painful accident Tuesday. He was riding his bicycle near Middletown line when an automobile coming behind him struck him and threw him a long distance in the road. The driver stopped and rendered what assistance he could. Fortunately no bones were broken, but Mr. Gray was badly scratched and bruised.

## WHEN PERIODS WERE TROUBLED.

It is not easy nowadays to find a lead pencil that is not too old at forty—as it were. In the early days of lead pencils the produce of the Scotch white mine was deemed so valuable that strong guards of soldiers were engaged for its protection, and a special act of parliament was passed penalizing illicit traffic in plumbago, which then realized from 3 shillings to 5 shillings an ounce. Although the miners were stripped and carefully searched when leaving off work, they managed to smuggle a good deal of produce out of the mine.—London Spectator.

## LIONS RUN WILD IN A THEATRE

Pay Visit to Audience After Escaping From Cage

GENUINE PANIC AS A RESULT

Five Beasts of the Jungle Have Place to Themselves While Police Gun For One Which Escapes to Street—One Officer Probably Fatally Shot by Comrades During Fugitive

Six lions escaped from their cage on the stage of a New York vaudeville theatre and, bounding into the audience, constituting principally of women and children, caused a panic.

One lioness, Alice, the largest of the troupe, escaped into a crowded street. Policemen pursued her into the hallway of a nearby apartment house and, in shooting at her, probably fatally wounded a comrade, Sergeant Glenn. Two other officers were slightly wounded by the claws of the beast in a battle at close range.

At sight of the lions hundreds of persons in the theatre fled, screaming, to the exits. Mothers, delayed by gathering up their children, crowded into corridors and places of supposed safety. Scores fainted, and many, numbed by the sight of the animals among them, sat transfixed in their seats.

With the exception of Alice none of the beasts displayed great ferocity. A few persons who got in their paths were scratched, but none of them was seriously hurt.

Five of the animals still were loose in the theatre when the last of the audience escaped. In their rush to safety, spectators left all kinds of wearing apparel and personal belongings. Then for an hour the beasts roamed over the house from gallery to basement. But, when they finally were rounded up in the lobby and driven into their shipping box, none of them was injured.

Three arrests were made, the charges being criminal negligence. Those in custody are J. A. Della Andros, the lions' trainer; O. A. Turnquist, their keeper, and G. H. Hamilton, manager of the attraction. The lions were owned by Francis Foran, a showman.

The animal act had been completed and a song and dance quartet held the stage in front of the great drop when the lions escaped. They were about to be transferred from the steel exhibition cage to their shipping box at the time.

According to Turnquist, they became excited, rushed out of their steel cage and knocking their shipping box aside, were free behind the scenes. Mme. Andros screamed. Turnquist grabbed a whip, cracked it loudly, and shouted at the lions, and frightened actors and actresses and theatre attaches began climbing stairways. One of the lions walked into the wings and peered at the quartet. The singing ceased abruptly.

As the singers started to retreat into the wings, Detective Cahill, who was in the audience, saw the lion and shouted to the entertainers, to go on. One singer returned and began a solo. Suddenly a lion came into full view and all control of the audience was lost.

The orchestra, nevertheless, continued to play. The first lion ambled upon the stage, then a second, and in a minute more several of them were clambering into stage boxes and out into the audience. Still the orchestra kept playing, until several lions came right down into the pit. Then the musicians fled under the stage and panic ensued.

## RECORD CARGO OF EGGS

Steamer Leaves Boston For London With 12,000 Cases on Board

What is believed to be the largest shipment of eggs ever sent from this country to England left Boston aboard the Loyland line steamer Anglian, bound for London.

Twelve thousand cases of western eggs from Chicago and other points make up the shipment and there are 4,370,000 eggs in the lot. At the present quotation for storage eggs the entire shipment is worth \$80,000. The British army will receive part of the consignment.

## FARMS BREAK RECORD

Kansas Products in 1914 Yield \$58,000,000 More Than Ever Before

The value of Kansas farm products in 1914 was \$538,253,206, which was \$58,000,000 greater than in any other year, according to the report of J. C. Mohler, secretary of the state board of agriculture.

Wheat, according to the report, led all other crops, with a valuation of more than \$161,000,000. The corn yield was valued at \$59,000,000, oats at \$17,000,000 and hay at \$18,000,000.

Bank Preparing to Liquidate  
The Middlesex Banking company of Middletown, Conn., is taking steps to liquidate, and with that end in view has suspended payment on debenture bonds issued by it.

Explosion Kills Seven  
A natural gas explosion in a Cleveland two-story tenement house occupied by foreigners, killed seven persons, seriously injured eight and wrecked the building.

Leon Smith, who escaped from the penitentiary at Columbus, O., where he was serving a life sentence for murder, was arrested at New York.

Stephen C. Perry, federal district attorney, died at Portland, Me., of pneumonia.

Robert, Nelson, 3, died at Newburyport, Mass., as the result of a coasting accident.

## REFUSED TO SURRENDER

German Cruisers as They Went to Death Off Falkland Islands

The German cruisers sent to the bottom off the Falkland Islands on Dec. 8 apparently were taken unaware by the British at a time when neither side was expecting an encounter.

The first detailed accounts of the battle, which have just reached Buenos Ayres from Puerto Gallegos, Patagonia, say that the Germans were on their way to seize the Falkland Islands, British possessions, when they came unexpectedly upon a lone British warship. The other members of the British fleet were taking on supplies from neighboring islands at the time.

Before the Germans were aware of the strength of their opponents, these ships closed in on them and the fate of Admiral von Spee's squadron was soon sealed.

The crew of the Scharnhorst refused to surrender, cheering as they went down with their admiral.

General Bismarck von Schellendorf, the former Prussian minister of war, died at Berlin.

The New England Belgian relief fund has reached \$134,500.14.

WEEKLY ALMANAC, DECEMBER 1914

STANDARD TIME									
Day	Month	Year	Hour	Minute	Second	Day	Month	Year	Hour
19	Dec	1914	7	09	15	19	Dec	1914	7
20	Dec	1914	7	10	14	20	Dec	1914	7
21	Dec	1914	7	11	13	21	Dec	1914	7
22	Dec	1914	7	12	12	22	Dec	1914	7
23	Dec	1914	7	13	11	23	Dec	1914	7
24	Dec	1914	7	14	10	24	Dec	1914	7
25	Dec	1914	7	15	09	25	Dec	1914	7
26	Dec	1914	7	16	08	26	Dec	1914	7
27	Dec	1914	7	17	07	27	Dec	1914	7
28	Dec	1914	7	18	06	28	Dec	1914	7
29	Dec	1914	7	19	05	29	Dec	1914	7
30	Dec	1914	7	20	04	30	Dec	1914	7
31	Dec	1914	7	21	03	31	Dec	1914	7

Full Moon Dec. 19, 11:11 a.m., Evening

Moon's last gr. Dec. 16, 6:51 a.m., Morning

New Moon Dec. 18, 12:11 a.m., Evening

Moon's 1st gr. Dec. 25, 2:55 a.m., Morning

## Deaths.

In this city, 12th inst., Aaron C. Buchanan, in his 76th year.  
In this city, 13th inst., Edgar Oscar Noyes, Gannett's State 24 class, U. S. N.  
In this city, 14th inst., Mary Anthony of Middletown, in her 83d year.<



## NATION STIRRED TO ITS DEPTHS

England Realizes Seriousness  
of German Raid on Coast

### RECRUITING IS STIMULATED

People in Fear of Invasion Since Shelling of Home Towns Resulted in Ninety-Nine Deaths and More Than Two Hundred Persons Being Injured—Berlin Celebrates Victory in Poland Which It Calls Greatest of the War—Conflicting Claims in Western War Zone, Where Hospitals Are Again Filling Up

England is girding herself for war—not for war on the continent now, but war on her own soil, in violation for years to the profane step of a hostile invader.

Shells from German warships have fallen on English soil. Ninety-nine English citizens, mostly non-combatants, have been killed in their own houses and streets in the coastal towns of Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby. More than 250 have been wounded. This British navy has failed in its purpose—the object for which millions upon millions have been spent—the keeping of the "light little island" really light to the efforts of a warring foe.

While outwardly England was not perturbed at the raid and bombardment by German warships Wednesday, the nation was really stirred to its depths. The first sign came with the rush of men to the recruiting offices, men who had up to now heard with indifference the appeals of the war office for "men, more men."

"This is worth two army corps to Kitchener's forces," said Thomas J. McNamara, parliamentary secretary of the admiralty, in speaking of the effect of the German raid.

Certain of invasion England is to be invaded. Every Englishman understands this now. It did not need the statement of Prince von Buelow, former Imperial German chancellor, to make Englishmen feel sure of this. "This is simply the prelude to what the German fleet is soon to undertake, which may astonish the world," said the chancellor.

For the moment the strengthening of the overseas expedition is forgotten. Immediately the home militia, the newly recruited regiments, even the Canadian overseas forces, now in camp at Salisbury Plains, are to be rushed to the eastern seaboard of England to strengthen existing and to establish new garrisons of defense. The German raid has roused England in a way that weeks of fighting in France and Belgium have been unable to do. The British navy's patrol of the coast will be doubled, both in numbers and efficiency. While the excuse that the German raid was possible only because of thick fog and good luck is accepted, it is accepted with the reservation that it must not happen again. It is felt that the Germans will try the same thing over again, and yet again, and that the time will come that will be the once too often.

Great Britain today is rushing to a war footing in a sense that the British people have not so far believed necessary.

Russians on the Run Coming hard upon the daring raid upon the English coast, in which the German warships escaped, and escaped without a scratch so far as is known, the news from the eastern theatre of the war is very disquieting.

The war in Poland and Galicia seems to have reached its crisis, and upon the developments of the next fortnight will probably depend the issue of the titanic struggle that has been waged for the past four months by the combined German and Austrian forces against the Russians.

"The Russians are retreating all along the entire front in Galicia and Poland," says the official statement issued at Vienna, which is the outstanding feature of the news from the battle fronts.

While there is no official confirmation of this news from other sources, Berlin has heard the glad tidings, and the Kaiser's capital was decked with the tricolor of the fatherland from one end of the great city to the other; the streets were filled with cheering crowds, and Unter den Linden, the beautiful thoroughfare which leads to the Imperial palace, was the scene of almost riotous enthusiasm.

The Berlin newspapers hail the victory in Poland as the greatest of the war, and the end of the greatest battle in all history.

Allies on the Defensive The German and French official communications do not disclose much of what is going on in the west, but it is apparent that the allies are still on the defensive from the coast to La Basse, and at various other points along the front.

While not very marked advances are reported, the French claim to have made some progress and to have organized the ground which they gained during the preceding days. The Germans, on the other hand, assert that the attacks by the allies have been repulsed.

From the number of injured reaching the hospitals of both the Germans and the allies, it is evident that the fighting in Flanders was of a more severe character than shown in the official statements. The correspondents report that the hospitals are again filling up, while along the Dutch border continuous firing can be heard.

## MRS. MILLS SAYS SHE IS GUILTY

Admits Manslaughter in the  
Killing of Manley

The trial of Mrs. Jennie M. Mills of Henniker, who was charged with the murder of Charles A. Manley, came to a sudden end at Concord, N. H., when she changed her plea of not guilty to that of guilty of manslaughter in the first degree.

If the trial had gone on the woman's 14-year-old daughter Frances would have been an important witness.

It was the daughter's story that led to the woman's arrest. She had escaped suspicion for weeks. Then the statement came from the girl, accusing her mother of slaying Manley, for whom Mrs. Mills was housekeeper.

The accused is declared to have said she shot Manley upon his return to his home in a drunken condition and while in fear of her own life.

Manley was found in his bed with his head blown off by a shotgun on March 4.

### THE BOSTON ELECTION

Good Government Candidates Chosen For City Council

The Good Government association forces swept Boston, electing John A. Coulthurst, Walter Ballantine and Henry B. Hagan to the city council for three years.

Joseph Leo and Frederick L. Bogan were elected to the school committee for three years.

License was carried by a majority of 10,367. The "drys" made a gain of slightly over 4 percent over the vote of last year. The total vote was something over 50,000, or about 49 percent.

Elections in other cities resulted as follows:

City	Mayor	Yes	No
Beverly	J. A. MacDonald	1322	2201
Chelsea	J. H. Malone	2638	2142
Newburyport	O. J. Fogg	1385	1523
No. Adams	W. E. Brown	1685	1165

\*Re-elected.

### TACOMA GOES TO COLON

Cruiser Will Protect Neutrality of Panama Canal Zone

Secretary Daniels ordered the cruiser Tacoma, now at San Domingo, to proceed to Colon to guard against violations of the neutrality of the Panama canal.

Colonel Goethals again cabled to Secretary of War Garrison, setting forth his need for torpedo boat destroyers in canal ports in order to preserve the neutrality of the canal zone.

In his message Colonel Goethals says he has no means of preventing the use of the canal or Panama ports as a means of communication, and that these ports apparently are being used to this end at the present time.

Goethals expressed the opinion that there was as much necessity for torpedo boat destroyers at canal ports as at any other American ports where they were stationed to prevent breaches of maritime laws or of neutrality.

### DEATH OF GENERAL DAVIS

Soldier-Author Is Suddenly Stricken by Heart Disease

Major General George B. Davis, former judge advocate of the United States army, who participated in many important engagements with Massachusetts cavalry in the Civil war, died suddenly at his home at Washington from an attack of heart disease.

One of Davis' last posts of duty was in Boston. He was a writer on military topics, an American delegate to the Hague conferences and to the Red Cross conference at Geneva, and had seen service in the Philippines. He was born at Ware, Mass.

### AUTO BANDIT KILLED

Hohl Shot in Street Duel Following Robbery of Two Banks

Frank O. Hohl, notorious automobile bandit, was killed after a daring three hours' career of crime, which included the robbing of two banks, the theft of an automobile and a pistol duel with policemen in a Cincinnati street that resulted with almost certain mortal wounds to one officer and the death of the bandit.

The sum of \$13,100 was missing as the result of the bank robberies, and the police are confident that Hohl, in his wild automobile dashes, managed to pass this money to some confederate.

Feb. 14 Is Peace Sunday

The Church Peace union, embracing all denominations, has asked all American churches to celebrate on Sunday, Feb. 14, the centenary of the ratification of the treaty of Ghent.

### GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

While rabbit hunting W. M. Hall, a Nobleboro, Me., farmer, 55, was fatally shot through the stomach while carelessly handling his shotgun.

The high school building at Winsted, Me., was burned. The loss is \$15,000.

Delinquent students at Dartmouth college will not hereafter be permitted to make up their deficiencies by attendance at the Dartmouth summer schools.

Schedules in bankruptcy of the Wellington Rubber company of Medford, Mass., disclosed liabilities of \$100,000.

Dr. Patrick W. Murphy, 33, of Canton, Mass., was thrown from a tree and killed.

## SCOTT TO ACT AS EMISSARY

American Army Chief Ordered  
to Mexican Border

### CONDITIONS ARE UNBEARABLE

Bliss Will Remain at Head of Large Body of Troops Prepared to Meet Any Hostile Move Which May Follow Returning of Shots From Mexican Side of Boundary Line

General Scott, chief of staff of the army, was ordered to Naco, Ariz., by Secretary of War Garrison, to take charge of the situation there, which has become critical. General Scott left at once and will reach Naco Saturday noon.

It is not intended that Scott will supersede General Bliss, in command of the United States troops on the border. He will go rather as an emissary to the Mexican factions.

Garrison issued this statement in connection with ordering Scott to the border:

"My reason of the personal acquaintance acquired with the different factions while he was stationed on the border, General Scott has been sent to Naco. This is done in the hope he may be able, by reason of the knowledge and acquaintances acquired, to induce the warring factions, on the Mexican side of the line to desist from imperiling persons and property on our side. General Bliss has pointed out to us the possibility of utilizing General Scott's knowledge and experience in this way."

Scott is a close personal friend of Villa as well as many other Mexican leaders, and he will go to Naco, it is understood, as a sort of emissary in a final attempt to prevent conditions which, if they continue, now seem certain to result in an armed clash.

Word from Calveston to the war department was to the effect that the new troops ordered to Naco have started on their way to Naco. Some delay was experienced in gathering proper equipment for the expedition.

With additional troops due at Naco on Saturday, the "show down" there can be expected almost immediately thereafter. The United States has not changed its position. Unless the firing across the border stops it will be returned. The three additional infantry regiments and three batteries of artillery now en route there are for the purpose of giving sufficient troops to meet any hostile move that may follow the returning of the shots by the American forces should that become necessary.

Officialdom—Secretary of War Garrison and his advisers excepted—expect that the mere presence of an overwhelming force of nearly 5000 American regulars at Naco will have a deterring effect on the warring Mexican factions. The army officials most familiar with the Mexican point of view say they believe neither Governor Maytorena nor General Hill will believe the United States is in earnest until shells actually fall on Mexican soil.

Then, if Hill follows out the orders sent him by Carranza, he will turn his guns against the Americans, because Carranza has declared American gunfire would be an unfriendly act.

Scott, however, will have troops enough to meet any emergency. Should the Mexicans attempt any offensive they will be sternly dealt with, but Secretary of State Bryan is confident that if trouble comes it will be confined to the Carranzista forces.

### TEXAS "DRY" LAW KILLED

Court Decision Invalidates Act Prohibiting Shipment of Liquor

The stringent Allison liquor law prohibiting shipment of liquor into dry territory in Texas was practically invalidated by a decision of the Texas court of criminal appeals, which Judge Frenders, who presided, said "wiped it off the statute books."

The decision declares any person or agent may carry or ship liquor into dry territory provided it is not the intention to use the liquor for unlawful purposes or for resale in dry areas.

The Allison law forbade newspapers to carry liquor advertisements in dry territory.

### MINISTER DIES AT 105

Bidwell Occupied Methodist Pulpit Three-Quarters of a Century

Rev. Sedgewick W. Bidwell, said to be the oldest Methodist minister in the country, died at Middlebury, Vt. He was 105 years of age.

Bidwell had lived in East Middlebury since his retirement after three-quarters of a century of service as a clergyman, and he celebrated his 100th anniversary on Dec. 6, 1909, by delivering a sermon in the village church.

New Head of Vassar

Henry H. McCracken, professor of English at Smith college, was appointed president of Vassar college to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Taylor.

Ruppert Buys the Yankees The New York American league club has been sold to Jacob Ruppert. The price is about \$450,000. Ruppert will not acquire any interest in the Federal league.

Maine Grange Favors Suffrage

The Maine state grange, in resolutions adopted at Lewiston, reiterated previous declarations in favor of equal suffrage.

## 118 HOMELESS MEN GLAD TO BE JAILED

Great Drove of "Hoboes" Taken  
From Cars in Railroad Yard

The Somerville, Mass., police arrested 118 men, most of them hungry and ill-clad, in cars in the yard of the Boston and Maine road, where they had "camped" for the night to escape the cold.

With the assistance of railroad employees, they were piled into a freight car and transported to the Union square station. From there, the men were marched to the Somerville police station.

The entire 118 captives had but 75 cents among them when searched. There was a small mountain of pipes and packages of tobacco. Many had towels, pieces of soap, combs and mirrors.

In the Somerville court they were all charged with trespass and each fined \$10. Each one of the lot pleaded guilty to the charge and not one shed a tear when he learned that he must spend the next twenty days in jail through failure to pay the fine.

### DIVORCE IS ASKED

Cowles, Who Figured in Navy Yard Fracas, Is Sued by Wife

Sensational testimony is promised in the suit of Mrs. Florence J. Cowles against Dr. Edward S. Cowles, who conducts the Cowles sanatorium at Portsmouth, N. H.

Judge Young gave Mrs. Cowles a temporary injunction restraining her husband from interfering with her personal liberty and giving her the custody of their two daughters, pending the outcome of the trial.

Cowles formerly lived in Boston and was involved in the sensational court martial of Paymaster Aldrich at the Charlestown navy yard in 1910 that resulted in the court martial of two naval officers. The Cowles were married in 1908.

### RICHARD CANFIELD DEAD

Man Who Owned Noted Gambling Places Succumbs to Accident

Richard V. Canfield, former gambler, whose houses of chance were famous places in their day, died at his home at New York of a fracture at the base of his skull, received in a fall on the stairs of a subway station.

Canfield was almost as well known in art as in gambling circles, for he was a connoisseur, and numbered among his friends many collectors and artists. It is believed he died possessed of a big estate, a fine accomplishment for a man who acquired his wealth running gambling houses.

### DARING ESCAPE FROM JAIL

Prisoners Cut Hole to Attic and Slide Down Shaky Rope to Freedom

Four prisoners in the Merrimack county jail at Concord, N. H., dared death and in a most sensational manner escaped from the institution.

Cutting a hole through the ceiling of a corridor during the temporary absence of the turnkey, they climbed into an attic, thence to the roof, and slid forty feet to the ground on a weak and shaky rope made of blankets.

Poses of police of this and the surrounding cities and towns are scouring the countryside.

### "SAFETY" FIRST

Schooner Fifty-Two Days on Trip From Bangor to Boston

A record passage for a sailing vessel between Bangor and Boston for slowness was made by the 62-year-old schooner Mary Brewer, which arrived at Boston from Bangor, the trip of 250 miles occupying a passage of fifty-two days.

Owing to the vessel's age, Captain Foster took no chances, keeping anchored in harbors until conditions looked favorable. In that way he managed to escape gales.

The Methodist church at Southampton, Mass., was destroyed by fire. The loss is about \$17,000.

## IVY POISON ON HANDS, FACE, LEGS

In Pimples. Started to Spread. Burned, Itched and Irritated. Could Not Sleep Many Nights. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trouble Disappeared.

20 Ridgewood St., Waterbury, Conn.—"I got poison ivy on my hands, face and legs and it started to spread. It broke out in pimples, very small and looked as if small white seeds were sprouted all over my legs and face. It burned and itched so that I scratched and irritated it. My clothing made it worse and I could not sleep many nights. For two months I tried other remedies and they didn't help me. Then I got some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they afforded relief as soon as I bathed with the Cuticura Soap and put the Cuticura Ointment on. In a week the trouble had completely disappeared." (Signed) Edward F. Moxed, Jan. 21, 1914.



Some people and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each with 32-p. Book will be sent free upon request. Address: "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Samples Free by Mail

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## Safety==Security.

In determining an investment, the first question asked by the astute business man is "What is the security behind it?" Your banking home should be selected with the same care.

One of our Certificates of Deposit fills every requirement of SAFETY and SECURITY besides yielding a liberal interest return. Interest is payable semi-annually.

It will give us pleasure to explain the advantages of this form of investment for inactive funds. Come in or write for further particulars.

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## We Have Helped Many Young People

to acquire the saving habit by showing them in a practical way the advantages of saving a portion of their income and depositing it each week in the Bank.

Have you started an account with us? If not, come in and do so now.

4% Interest Paid

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With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY  
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top. You insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and serve you well.

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## SEE CALIFORNIA FREE

Full particulars for 4 cents in stamps. Auto-tour Company, CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. FOLDER B124

"Why do you get the pretty girls jobs first? Is that fair?"

"Best for all concerned," declared the head of the school of stenography. "The pretty girl soon marries her employer and there's a permanent job for one of the plainer young ladies."

She—Your friend is a bit of an egoist, isn't he?

He—A bit! Why, if he hadn't been born he would have expected people to ask why not.—London Mail.

Dr. Busler—How is your practice? Dr. Grassler—First rate; it couldn't be better. I had more than 1200 patients last year and didn't lose a single cent.—Puck.

Applicant—What is the first thing to do before you get a marriage license? Elderly Clerk—Think it over, young man, think it over.

"The more I see of my neighbors' dinks," remarked the bachelor, "the better I like Mexicans."—Puck.

## AN OLD NORMAN CUSTOM.

The "Cry For Justice" Still Survives in the Channel Islands.

An interesting and unusual revival of an ancient Norman custom occurred at Guernsey not long ago when Daniel Seblre, jurat, justiciar elect of Alderney, whose election the royal court doubted because he had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment some years ago, raised a clamor de baro, or a "cry for justice," against a fresh election by kneeling barcheaded at the entrance of the courtrooms and exclaiming: "Harol! Harol! Harol! a' aide mon prince, on me fait torti" (Help me, my prince! They do me wrong). The clamor de baro, an ancient Norman custom, still survives in the Channel Islands. The appellant must, on his knees and before witnesses, raise the cry that acts as an injunction until the alleged tort or trespass has been passed on by the court. If the trespasser continues he is liable to arrest and punishment. Although the clamor is still legal in the Channel Islands, recourse to it is very rare, and there has been no instance of it in Alderney for two centuries. It is, however, a very effective procedure. The derivation usually ascribed to the form of the plea is curious. "Harol" is said to be an abbreviation of "Hic Rollo," a direct appeal to Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, and the cry is thus traced back to the days when there were no courts and justice was personally meted out by princes. It is, however, more probable that "harol" is simply an exclamation to attract attention.

A similar custom, applicable only in criminal cases, was the Saxon clamor violentiae, which existed at the time of the Norman invasion.—Youth's Companion.

## DRAGON FLIES AT SEA.

The Puzzle That Came With Them and a Squall Later On.

In describing a voyage from Hongkong to Shanghai some years ago Admiral Fitzgerald relates in his book, "Memories of the Sea," a peculiar experience:

"One afternoon when we were lying at anchor out of sight of land, the weather being very close and sultry, we saw a great cloud approaching the ship from the direction of the shore, which was about fifty miles off. The cloud came slowly nearer and nearer. It did not look like rain, and presently, as it enveloped the ship, we found it was composed of dragon flies, and very big ones. They evidently made for the ship to get a resting place, but many missed and fell exhausted in the calm sea."

"The masts, the yards, the rigging and all the ropes in the ship were incumbered with them. It was a very sultry evening, and about 6 o'clock we all bathed. I remember the strange experience of diving into a sea of dragon flies, which stuck to our arms and shoulders, got into our hair and quite spoiled our swim. A light air then came off from the land, so we weighed anchor and made sail to the southward, and at midnight, just as the watch was changing, we were struck by a terrific squall, which laid the old ship nearly on her beam ends."

"We wondered whether the visitation of dragon flies was connected in any way with the squall. But if they were blown fifty miles off the land, where they certainly did not want to go, why did we not get the wind for six hours afterward?"

## Old Time Ordnance.

In olden times pieces of ordnance were often named after birds and reptiles. Thus the sport of hawking gave us the "falcon" and "falconette," which were respectively six pound and three pound guns, the figures referring to the weight of the shot.

The "culverin" and "deniculverin" cannon were so called because the handle of the gun was shaped like a serpent, "culverin" being derived from the French "couleuvre," a snake.

Musket was derived from the old French "mousquet" which meant a male sparrow hawk.—Liverpool Mercury.

## Sock and Buskin.

The expression "sock and buskin" (comedy and tragedy) had its origin in the soccus, the Latin name of the low shoe worn by the ancient comic actors; and the buskin, a contraction of the French word broguequin, remotely derived from the Greek bursa, a hide, or high solid shoe worn by the ancient tragedians to increase their height. The soccus reached only to the ankle, the buskin to the knee.

## Belated Discovery.

"So you finally proposed?" said his chum.

"Well, to tell the truth," returned the thoughtful youth, "I really didn't know that I proposed, but she accepted me, so I guess that settles it. I tell you this language of ours is not to be used lightly."

## Fashionable Penmanship.

"Looks like a futile transaction all round."

"What are you kicking about now?" "This fad for large handwriting. My daughter got a box of expensive paper from a young man and used it all up writing him a note of thanks."—Judge.

## Do They?

A lot of men wonder why girls close their eyes when they are being kissed. But if the men would look into a mirror they would see the reason.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Here your book always baited; in the pool where you least think it there will be fish.—Orid.

## Honors Were Even.

Edith (tossing her head)—A kiss! Certainly not. I never kissed a man in my life. Jack—You're nothing on me. I never did either.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Exploded Theory.

"Nature abhors a vacuum." "Nothing of the sort, or she would not give some people the power to talk."—Baltimore American.

## THE "WHY" OF A "HOT BOX."

A Railroad Official Says the Cause Is Simply Carelessness.

In answer to the question "What is a hot box?" a Kansas City Southern official has the following to say: "A hot box is a sign that the safety first rule is not practiced by some car department men. There is no excuse for a hot box after a car is sent out if the train is carefully looked over by the car men at each terminal. Primarily a hot box is caused by poor waste and an insufficient greasing at the time it should have been done, and there is no excuse for one. A hot box is liable to cause a wreck, and a wreck on most railroads costs money, much more than the price of a sufficient quantity of waste and oil and grease to protect the journals of the car wheels."

"The farmer who buys a new wagon or a buggy has a pretty good idea of what a hot box means and the ways to prevent it. When he buys a new wagon he sees to it that the spindle is well greased so it will not get hot. He watches it closely and does not take any chances on the wheels running hot. The farmer's wheels on his new wagon or buggy would stick, and if he persisted in driving ahead he would soon have a bad spindle and a bad wheel."

"However, the results would not be so disastrous as they would be in a train of cars running at a speed of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. It's no wonder that trainmen use language unfit for a Sunday school class when they find a hot box in their train. They know that some one has been careless and skilful in his work and that he is to blame."—New York Post.

## MENDEL'S LAW.

Shown in the Crossing of Pure Yellow and Pure Green Peas.

The following beautifully clear summary of the principles of mendelism is due to the Rev. W. Wilks, the famous horticulturist, who developed the Shirley poppy:

If you cross pure yellow and pure green peas either way—it matters not which is seed bearer and which pollen bearer—you will get all yellow seeds. If you sow these hybrid seeds, each will, if it germinates, produce a plant which will bear, say, forty seeds, thirty of which will on the average be yellow and ten green. The green, if sown and sown and sown for countless generations, will always bear green seeds true to the original green parents (barring the always possible intervention of insects).

Not so the thirty yellow. These when sown will on the average produce ten plants bearing all pure yellow seeds, which will be constant and true to the original yellow parent for countless generations. The remaining twenty plants will be impure yellow, each plant producing, on the average, one-quarter pure green and one-half impure yellow, which last will repeat the process and proportion practically forever.

This is the law of inheritance which is the basis of all the studies of the eugenists and, in fact, of all breeders of animals and plants.—New York World.

## A Vine That Turns Into a Tree.

The woods of Cuba are wonderful, and their lasting qualities are remarkable. The jagay and coupey start as a vine clinging to some large tree. This vine grows to the top and then proceeds to put out laterals around the tree and finally kills it, but by this time it has grown entirely around the tree and has formed itself into a perfect forest tree sometimes four feet in diameter. An unfortunate feature of this proceeding is that the wood is soft and useless for any purpose. The wood stuck in the ground for fencing eventually takes root and grows, forming a living barrier. It is a common thing to see a wire fence secured to a growing tree which has originated in this manner. This is not true of the jagay wood, which is largely used for fences because of its sturdy qualities. There are some specimens of this wood which are known to have been standing for more than a hundred years and there is no sign of decay or weakness of any kind.—Chicago Journal.

## A Natural Ice Mine.

Among the rugged foothills of the Alleghenies, just beyond Coudersport, Pa., one may see a most curious natural phenomenon. In a cave a few feet below the surface there exists a natural ice mine, the ceiling, walls and floor of the cave being perpetually covered with thick ice. Curiously enough, during the heat of summer the ice is much thicker than in the coldest winter. Chemists who have tested the ice pronounce it to be absolutely pure natural ice, but no one has been able to discover the cause of this unusual formation, although several theories have been proposed. Some scientists believe that underground water, rising from great depths, congeals upon the walls, but all theories thus far advanced have been unconfirmed, and the origin of the ice mine remains as much of a mystery as ever.—Wide World Magazine.

## Secret Letter Opening.

It is said that secret service agents of certain of the foreign offices and police departments of foreign countries have raised letter opening to a fine art. Some kinds of paper, it appears, can be steamed open without leaving any trace, and this simple operation is followed by reuniting the flap with a bone instrument. In the case of a seal a matrix is taken by means of a new bread before breaking the wax. When other methods fail the envelope is placed between pieces of wood with edges projecting one-twentieth of an inch. The edge of the envelope is first flattened, then roughened and finally slit open. Later a hair line of strong white gum is applied and the edges are united under pressure.

## NATION'S LABOR PROBLEM

OVER A MILLION AND A HALF WOMEN WORK AS FARM HANDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Peter Radford, Lecturer, National Farmers' Union.

Our government never faced so tremendous a problem as that now lying dormant at the doors of congress and the legislatures, and which, when aroused, will shake this nation from center to circumference, and make civilization hide its face in shame. That problem is—women in the field.

The last federal census reports show we now have 1,614,000 women working in the field, most of them south of the Mason and Dixon line. There were approximately a million negro slaves working in the fields when liberated by the emancipation proclamation. We have freed our slaves and our women have taken their places in bondage. We have broken the shackles off the negroes and welded them upon our daughters.

The Chain-Gang of Civilization. A million women in bondage in the southern fields form the chain-gang of civilization—the industrial tragedy of the age. There is no overwork quite so cruel as that of untrained greed, no whip that stings like the lash of suborned destiny, and no auctioneer's block quite so revolting as that of organized avarice.

The president of the United States was recently lauded by the press, and very properly so, for suggesting mediation between the engineers and railroad managers in adjusting their schedule of time and pay. The engineers threatened to strike if their wages were not increased from approximately ten to eleven dollars per day and service reduced from ten to eight hours and a similar readjustment of the overtime schedule. Our women are working in the field, many of them barbed, for less than 50 cents per day, and their schedule is the rising sun and the evening star, and after the day's work is over they milk the cows, chop the hogs and rock the baby to sleep. Is anyone mediating over their problems, and to whom shall they threaten a strike?

Congress has listened approvingly to those who toll at the forge and behind the counter, and many of our statesmen have smiled at the threats and have fanned the flame of unrest among industrial laborers. But women are as surely the final victims of industrial warfare as they are the burden-bearers in the war between nations, and those who arbitrate and mediate the differences between capital and labor should not forget that when the expenses of any industry are unnecessarily increased, society feels the bill by drafting a new consignment of women from the home to the field. Pinch no Crumb From Women's Crust of Bread.

No financial award can be made without someone footing the bill, and we commend to those who accept the responsibility of the distribution of industrial justice, the still small voice of the woman in the field as she pleads for mercy, and we beg that they pinch no crumb from her crust of bread or put another patch upon her ragged garments.

We beg that they listen to the scream of horror from the eagle on every American dollar that is wrong from the brow of tolling women and hear the Goddess of Justice hiss at a verdict that increases the want of woman to satisfy the greed of man.

The women behind the counter and in the factory cry aloud for sympathy, and the press thunders out in their defense and the pulpit pleads for mercy, but how about the woman in the field? Will not these powerful exponents of human rights turn their talent, energies and influence to her relief? Will the Goddess of Liberty enthroned at Washington hold the caloused hand and soothe the feverish brow of her sex who sows and reaps the nation's harvest or will she shelter the male of the species to above women—weak and weary—from the bread-line of industry to the back alleys of poverty?

## Women and Children First.

The census enumerators tell us that of the 1,614,000 women who work in the fields as farm hands 409,000 are sixteen years of age and under. What is the final destiny of a nation whose future mothers spend their girlhood days behind the plow, pitching hay and hauling manure, and what is to become of womanly culture and refinement that grace the home, charm society and enthuse man to leap to glory in noble achievements? If our daughters are raised in the society of the ox and the companionship of the plow?

In that strata between the ages of sixteen and forty-five are 850,000 women working as farm hands and many of them with suckling babes tugging at their breasts, as drenched in perspiration, they wield the scythe

## Fireless Locomotive.

For use in one of its depots for explosives the British government had a fireless locomotive built. It has a reservoir partly filled with water and is charged with high pressure steam from a boiler placed outside the danger zone. It can work on one charge of the reservoir for several hours of continuous hauling or for a much longer time on ordinary shunting work. It can stand for twelve hours in the open air with only slight loss of steam and can run back to the charging station under a pressure of only fifteen pounds to the square inch.

## An Important "But."

"Huh!" exclaimed little Edith, after hearing the story of Adam and Eve. "That old serpent, couldn't have tempted me with an apple, 'cause I don't like apples." "But," suggested her small brother, "suppose somebody had told you not to eat apples?"—Chicago News.

and guide the plow. What is to become of that nation where poverty breaks the crowns of the queens of the home, despair hurls a mother's love from its throne and hunger drives innocent children from the schoolroom to the hoot?

The census bureau shows that 155,000 of these women are forty-five years of age and over. There is no more pitiful sight in civilization than these salubrious mothers of Israel sloped with age, drudging in the field from sun until sun and at night drenching their dingy pillows with the tears of despair as their aching hearts take it all to God in prayer. Civilization strikes them a blow when it should give them a crown, and their only friend is he who broke bread with beggars and said: "Come unto me ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Oh, America! The land of the free and the home of the brave, the world's custodian of civility, the champion of human rights and the defender of the oppressed—shall we permit our maidens fair to be torn from the hearthstone by the ruthless hand of destiny and chained to the plow? Shall we permit our faithful wives, whom we covenanted with God to cherish and protect, to be hurled from the home to the harvest field, and our mothers dear to be driven from the old arm chair to the cotton patch?

In recruiting our citizens from the forces of civilization, can we not apply to our fair Dixieland the rule of the sea—"women and children first?"

There must be a readjustment of the wage scale of industry so that the women can be taken from the field or given a reasonable wage for her service. Perhaps the issue has never been fairly raised, but the Farmers' Union, with a membership of ten million, puts its organized forces squarely behind the issue and we now enter upon the docket of civilization the case of "The Woman in the Field" and demand an immediate trial.

## RAILROADS APPEAL TO PRESIDENT

The Common Carriers Ask for Relief—President Wilson Directs Attention of Public to Their Needs.

The committee of railroad executives, headed by Mr. Frank Trumbull, representing thirty-five of the leading railroad systems of the nation, recently presented to President Wilson a memorandum briefly reviewing the difficulties now confronting the railroads of the country and asking for the co-operation of the governmental authorities and the public in supporting railroad credits and recognizing an emergency which requires that the railroads be given additional revenues.

The memorandum recited that the European war has resulted in general depression of business on the American continent and in the dislocation of credits at home and abroad. With revenues decreasing and interest rates increasing the transportation systems of the country face a most serious crisis and the memorandum is a strong presentation of the candle burning at both ends and the perils that must ultimately attend such a conflagration when the flames meet is apparent to all. In their general discussion the railroad representatives say in part: "By reason of legislation and regulation by the federal government and the forty-eight states acting independently of each other, as well as through the action of a strong public opinion, railroad expenses in recent years have vastly increased. No criticism is here made of the general theory of governmental regulation, but on the other hand, no ingenuity can relieve the carriers of expenses created thereby."

President Wilson, in transmitting the memorandum of the railroad presidents to the public, characterizes it as "a lucid statement of plain truth." The president recognizing the emergency as extraordinary, continuing, said in part:

"You ask me to call the attention of the country to the imperative need that railway credits be sustained and the railroads helped in every possible way, whether by private co-operative effort or by the action, wherever feasible, of governmental agencies, and I am glad to do so because I think the need very real."

The conference was certainly a fortunate one for the nation and the president is to be congratulated for opening the gate to a new world of effort in which everyone may co-operate.

There are many important problems in our complex civilization that will yield to co-operation which will not lend themselves to arbitrary rulings of commissions and spending railroads is one of them. The man with the money is a factor that cannot be eliminated from any business transaction and the public is an interested party that should always be consulted and happily the president has invited all to participate in the solution of our railroad problems.

## Ought to Be.

Mistress—This isn't a clean knife, Jane. Nerv servant—I'm sure it ought to be, mum. The last thing I cut with it was a bar of soap.—Boston Transcript.

## Meeting Bills.

"He complains that he never can meet his bills." "Lucky dog." Mine always show up on the first of the month."—Judge.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. H. Pitcher

## THE KAISER AT HOME.

How He Freed His Mind to His Daughter's English Governess.

Many interesting facts bearing upon the Kaiser as a family man and also on the proud ruler of an empire are given in "Memories of the Kaiser's Court," by Miss Anne Topham, who was for some time English teacher to the Kaiser's only daughter, now the Duchess of Brunswick. From this book we learn that the Kaiser was wont to make jokes with his family at the breakfast table and even to indulge in punning.

Miss Topham and the Kaiser frequently held conversations on the subject of England, and upon one occasion her imperial master remarked: "You English people, you drink those awful dirty spirits—horrible stuff—whisky, brandy, what not! How can you imbibe such quantities of poisonous liquid, ruining your constitutions, simply ruining them—whisky and soda everywhere? No, it's awful! I tasted it once—like liquid fire—ugh! Your drinking habits are fearful!"

"Though professing great admiration of English everyday life, the Kaiser had a profound contempt for English politics and politicians."

"Not one of your ministers," he said to me on one occasion, "can tell how many ships of the line you have in your navy. I can tell him—he can't tell me. And your minister for war can't even ride. I offered him a mount and every opportunity to see the maneuvers. Thanks very much for your majesty's gracious offer. Sorry can't accept it. I'm no horseman, unfortunately. A minister of war, and can't ride! Unthinkable!"

During his visits to England he evidently took careful note of valuable relics and mementoes of bygone ages, and after one of these visits he thus expressed his thoughts:

"Ah, you have never had a Napoleon to plunder and burn your country houses! Your living-rooms and dining-rooms, where would they have been? In Napoleon's mansions or his soldiers' had seen them? Perhaps burnt or destroyed or sent to the Louvre. Think what it must mean to the children of a house to live with one of those pictures, to absorb it unconsciously into their mentalities! They must grow up with a love of beautiful things. They cannot help it. We have nothing of the kind. Our houses were stripped and burnt."

## QUEER ANIMAL TRAPS.

Not Intended as Such, but They Prove Deadly Lures.

That almost unerring instinct which carries animals through grave dangers has led in many instances in the Midwest and Sunset on fields of California to their undoing. Chief among such victims are rabbits and water fowl.

A jackrabbit and a cottontail find a nice round, smooth hole. There are many such in the oil fields, where oil piping is a necessity for the transportation of oil to the refineries. The rabbits decide to set up housekeeping there. The cottontail desires a permanent home, and the jackrabbit wants a refuge safe from unrelenting man.

Soon they discover their habitat is being moved. No doubt they are frightened, but they instinctively stay within their retreat. One end of the hole is closed. Even then they do not leave. Soon the other end of the hole is darkened. Then it is darkness eternal for the furry pair.

Some time later it is discovered that a newly laid oil pipe has choked. After great labor the line is disjuncted and the remains of many rabbits removed. Thousands of rabbits have been thus exterminated in the oil fields.

The death rate among water fowl is even greater. Again, as with the rabbits, instinct leads them to certain destruction. Every little lake of oil in the vicinity of a gusher is a trap for the unthinking birds. At twilight and dawn these far colored lakes appear as bodies of water to the deluded fowl.—Scientific American.

## Saved His Cigars.

"Will you have a cigar?" said the host. "These are some my wife gave me for a birthday present. Help yourself. Let me give you a light."

Every man present said he had sworn off smoking. "Why did you tell me about those cigars, John?" asked his wife after the gentlemen had gone. "You know I didn't give them to you for a birthday present."

"You just keep quiet, Mary. That box of fifty cigars cost me just \$10, and I can't afford to give any of them away."

## Unhappy Hindu Women.

The Hindu holy books forbid a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband and allow him to divorce her if she has no sons. Injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.—Liverpool Mercury.

## His Advantage.

"If you keep on, Willie, you'll soon know as much as your teacher," said the minister patronizingly.

"Huh!" exclaimed Willie. "I'd know as much now as she does if I looked at the book all the time like she does."—Chicago News.

## The French Foreign Legion.

No other regiment in any existing army undergoes such Spartan training as the French Foreign Legion. When at their headquarters, Sidi-Bel-Abbes, the legionaries are marched off for occasional training trips of 300 miles or more, in continuous daily stages of twenty-four miles, with only five minutes' halt every six miles. General de Negrier, who commanded them in Madagascar, said, "Some soldiers can fight; the legionaries can die." Their record shows how they fall in action. In the Crimea, in Mexico fighting for Maximilian and in Spain their losses were enormously heavy. Of 4,000 legionaries sent to aid Queen Christina, in 1894, against the Carlists, only 500 returned to Algeria.

## NO LONGER ROMANTIC

ALL IS SORDID IN THE REAR OF A FIGHTING ARMY.

How It Looked, Told by a Writer, How It Felt, as Described by One Who Had Been Through It All.

Soon we were near the battle. In the east, across the vast level country, a faint gray light appeared. The noble, alamo trees, towering thickly in many lines along the ditch to the west, burst into showers of bird-song. It was getting warm, continued John Reed, in the Metropolitan, and they came the tranquil smell of earth and grass and growing corn—a calm summer dawn. Into this the notes of battle broke like something insane. The hysterical clatter of rifle fire, that seemed to carry a continuous undertone of screaming—although when you listened for it, it was gone; the nervous, deadly stab—stab—stab of the machine guns, like some gigantic woodpecker; the cannon booming like great bells, and the whistle of their shells; boom—p-l-l-e-e-a-u-u-u! And that most terrible of all sounds of war, shrapnel exploding: Crash—whee-e-e-e-e!

The shooting never ceased, but it seemed to be subdued to its subordinated place in a fantastic and disordered world. Up the track in the hot morning light, staggered a river of wounded men, shattered, bleeding, bound up in rotting and bloody bandages, inconceivably weary. They passed us, and one even fell and lay motionless near by in the dust—and we didn't care. Soldiers with their cartridges gone wandered aimlessly out of the chapparal, dragging their rifles, and plunged into the brush again on the other side of the railroad, black with powder, streaked with sweat, their eyes vacantly on the ground. The thin subtle dust rose in lazy clouds at every footstep, and hung there, parching throat and eyes. A little company of horsemen jogged out of the thicket and drew up on the track, looking toward town. One man got down from the saddle and squatted beside us.

"It was terrible," he said suddenly. "Caramba! We went in there last night on foot. They were inside the water tank, with holes put in the iron for rifles. We had to walk up and poke our guns through the holes, and we killed them all—a death trap! And then the corral. They had two sets of loopholes, one for the men kneeling down and the other for the men standing up. Three thousand rurales in there—and they had five machine guns to sweep the road. And the roundhouse with three rows of trenches outside and subterranean passages so they could crawl under and shoot us in the back. Our bombs wouldn't work, and what could we do with rifles? Madre de Dios! But we were so quick we took them by surprise. We captured the roundhouse and the water tank. And then this morning thousands came—thousands—reinforcements from Torreón—and their artillery—and they drove us back again. They walked up to the water tank and poked their rifles through the holes and killed all of us—the sons of devils!"

We could see the place as he spoke and hear the hellish roar and shriek, and yet no one moved, and there wasn't a sign of the shooting—not a puff of smoke, except when a shrapnel shell burst falling down in the first row of trees a mile ahead and vomited a puff of white. The crackling tip of rifle fire and the staccato machine guns and even the hammering cannon didn't reveal themselves at all. The first dusty plain, the trees and chimneys of Gomez, and the stony hill, lay quietly in the heat. From the alamos off the right came the careless song of birds. One had the impression that his senses were lying. It was an incredible dream, though which the grotesque procession of wounded differed like ghosts in the dust.

## Wireless Telephones.

Several German coal mines are equipped with wireless telephone systems, and a Yorkshire, England, mine has recently been similarly equipped. Each instrument is connected by two wires, either with water pipes or iron rails, or with a piece of metal buried in the ground. In the Yorkshire mine, the instruments are both fixed and portable; the two fixed instruments are situated, one in the transformer house near the pit bottom, and the other over half a mile away. It is possible to talk between the two stations as easily as if the telephones were connected by wire. The portable instruments, which weigh about 20 pounds apiece, are carried by the miners to the points where active work is going on. By means of them the miners can communicate with the fixed stations from any part of the mine. Moreover, they will enable men overtaken by disaster to summon help from other parts of the mine and to direct the rescuers.

## Their Advantages.

"See where they want to make the car conductors in Washington policemen, too?" "Yes; then they ought, when they arrest a fellow, to make a run in all right."

## His Early Training.

"That big financier boasts that he can take every man's measure." "That's because he began life as a tailor's assistant."

## A Suicide Machine.

It is said there formerly existed in India a machine for the use of the would-be suicides whereby they could cut off their heads. It was half moon shaped, with a sharp edge, was fastened at the back of the neck, chains being attached to the ends. The man who donned this instrument of death put his feet in the chains, gave a sharp jerk downward and severed his head from the body.







